

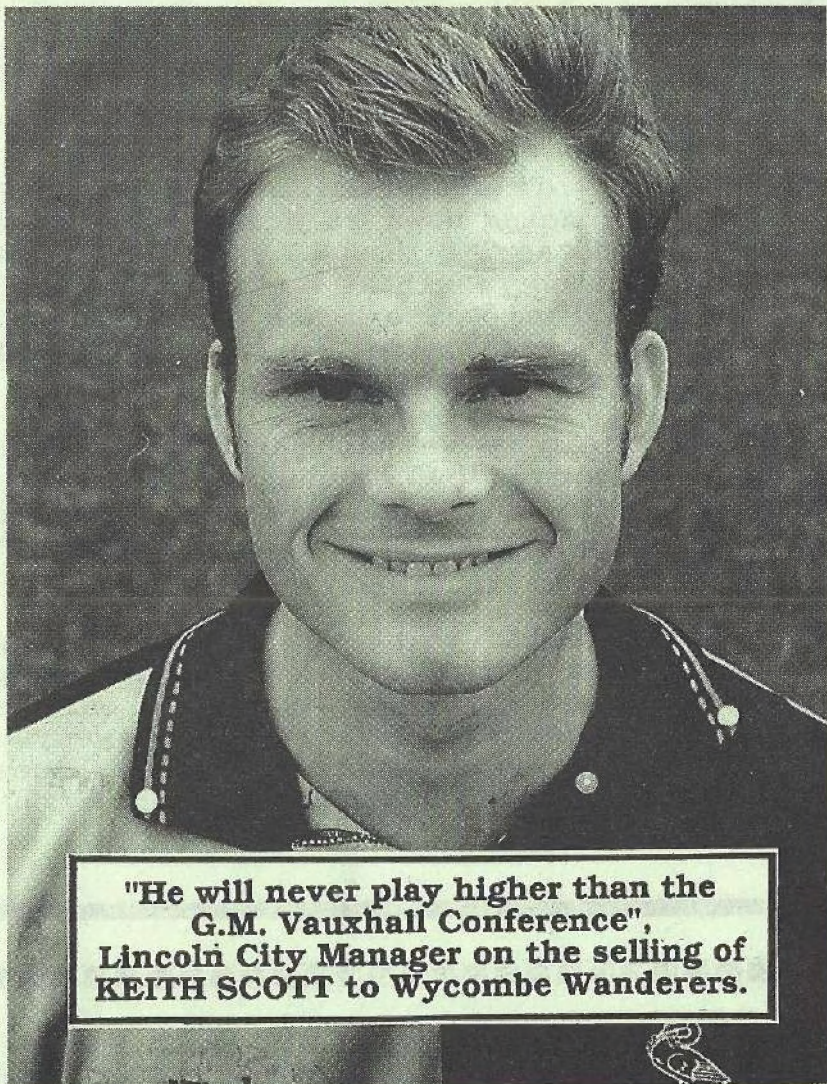
THE ADAMS FAMILY



ISSUE 11.....

DEC 93.....

50p.....



"He will never play higher than the
G.M. Vauxhall Conference",
Lincoln City Manager on the selling of
KEITH SCOTT to Wycombe Wanderers.



WYCOMBE WANDERERS FANZINE

THE ADAMS FAMILY

PO BOX 394, HIGH WYCOMBE
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Welcome to this eleventh issue of T.A.F. A lot has been going down at Adams Park since our last spectacular issue, a win away at top dogs Preston, a win at home against high flying Crewe, and yet another demolition of a second division side in the shape of Cambridge United in the F.A.Cup.

Off the field we've had our star striker Keith Scott swiped by Swindon and thanks to Bert Millichip and his balls we have an enthralling F.A.Cup tie with Norwich to relish.

We would like to thank you for purchasing The Adams Family fanzine, this issue being the longest at 28 pages yet still only a paltry 50 pence. We would like to urge you to keep up your great support for The Blues in these cold winter months, as we enter the post Scottie era.



CONTRIBUTORS: Doug Peters, Jon Dickinson, Neil Peters, Claire Jones, Rev. Floyd, Dave Chapman, Emma Bell-Smith, Andy Dickinson, Paul VanWalwyk.

THANKS TO: J. Rampling, D. Thelwell, N. Scott.

So Keith Scott is no more. This is both good and bad news. Bad in the sense of our loss of his epic goal scoring feats, all round rampaging forward play and glorious arrogance. So what is good about his departure you ask? Well firstly, 300,000 could buy a number of fine players at this level and secondly....well the Guinness a goal campaign we launched was beginning to prove a bit costly. Actually I attribute Scotty's rise to the Premiership to the aforementioned campaign, it was just the carrot the stout supping scoring superstar needed to reach the highlife and we wish him a long and successful reign there.

After being outplayed by the delightful footy of Shrewsbury but hanging on gamely for a draw, the Blues truly kicked into gear against Steve Wicks' Scarborough. As well as a fine win, there was added hilarity in the form of "Ginster midget" keeper John Burridge. Interestingly enough Burridge was sacked by Wicks a few weeks later for refusing to get cup-tied in case another club came in for his services. Well to be honest John, village football sides don't enter the FA cup and I would think they would be the only clubs interested in your lame skills.

Scunthorpe's ground makes the Wycombe Swan look like a beautiful piece of Eastern European architecture. Had it not been for the floodlight poles we surely would have driven straight past the ground, dismissing it as an out of town MFI/Comet warehouse development. Inside, the grey stands and grey skies matched perfectly, leading me to believe that I was inside a stadium with a roof on top, unfortunately the icy conditions reminded me that I wasn't. The game itself was somewhat of a nonentity with The Blues missing good chances in the first half but being pegged back in the second. By the way, do you think the words Scunthorpe and Scum are connected because I do. The only thing I can't figure out is which came first. Was the word Scum derived from the

word Scunthorpe or was Scunthorpe so named because of the scumminess of the city? Who knows, and frankly, who cares?

The Autoglass game at Brentford was a real cracker. That said we only just made it to the ground thanks to some poor traffic conditions coupled with poor navigation and even poorer driving from parties who shall remain nameless. The Wanderers first half performance was nothing short of superb and as for Brentford, well their's was something short of that. Amazingly Brentford played far better in the second half without stroppy Joe Allon and equalised despite the handicap of 10 men and some extremely gormless fans. However Glyn Creaser capped a fine night for himself and ourselves by directing home a late header to put us through. It was great to see the reception Big Tel got before the game because then you know that you have got someone the supposedly better opposition desperately want. Unfortunately the night was soured when myself and 2 others attempted to whet our whistles at one of the local hostelrys surrounding the ground. I opened the door to a cheery looking pub and was just surveying the brands of ale at the bar when a burly figure blocked my path. "Sorry only Brentford in here" said the self-appointed guardian of the door as he pushed me out and slammed the door. According to the local rozzers it would have been a similar story at any of the other pubs. This set me thinking, isn't the word Pub derived from the words Public House, which surely means a house that the public may enter into? If it's Brentford only perhaps they should be renamed "cacks" which would make them easily identifiable with Brentford FC.

Yet another second division club dispatched in the FA cup down at Twerton Park. Such is our prowess against top clubs that should we lose to Norwich I have no doubt that people will probably start moaning and claiming that we wouldn't have lost in Bodger's day. This of course is a great tribute to our current side but we really must


stop taking it for granted.

Despite the comments of Mr John Johnson in the BFP (see letters page) I thought the Crewe match was superb. All of us at TAF were cheering at the performance of Tony Hemmings, because it was just in time to stop large sections of the crowd from turning on him. However, we were not pleased just because he finally proved his undoubted skill but also because he is so very very cool. In a sport littered with likes of Ian Marshall, Mick Quinn, Barry Venison and John Jensen we need all the dudes we can get, and Tony is welcome to beer with the TAF clan any time he likes.

I wasn't at Preston, (pseudo eh?) but it is featured elsewhere in this issue by hardy northern correspondent Dave Chapman. I was reduced to sitting round a tranny in Bognor Regis (don't ask) biting my nails and praying

Then we beat Cambridge United in the second round of the FA cup....oh big deal, what's exiting about that, I mean we only got one goal. And what's this about the third round draw, Norwich City, oh how dull it is supporting Wycombe. It's about time we changed the manager.

It's now midnight on Saturday 11th December, I'm very tired and Wycombe have just lost their unbeaten run at Chester. For the first time in a while we were out played and I have to say the better side won. Mind you it was a bit of a throw back to the Conference with inept officialdom on display. The linesman nearest to us was undoubtedly a crook and as for Jason Cousins' booking, well that wasn't even a foul, but the referee kept constantly reacting to the home crowds whining instead of what he saw with his own eyes. Funny how they never seem to be like that at Adams Park. Mind you the Chester fans certainly put us to shame with the amount of noise they made. That crowd was half the size of our usual at home and at least twice as noisy. I always refuted the claims that our home support was somewhat vocally lacking but I'm starting to think otherwise.



School Report

It's Christmas time at the O'Neill school of excellence, and here's a sneak preview of the boys Crimbo reports.

HYDE: B+ Paul has had a good term. He has never had a day off, and being one of the older pupils he has conducted himself superbly. However, sneaking out at the end of the day, to be the first to the tuck shop for a ginger beer, deprives him of top marks.

COUSINS: B Jason is something of a Curates egg. We have been forced to suspend him for fighting in games, but he has been impeccable ever since. Should he be disruptive in further lessons we will possibly be expelling him for good.

CROSSLEY: A- Although Matthew is a quiet lad at the back of the class, he has excelled further this term, and surely a transfer to a top Italian school can't be far away.

EVANS: A Big Terry came from a school in London, and has already become the head boy and a popular figure amongst the lads. Girls from a neighbouring school have shown a fondness for Terrys tight fitting breeks, which they tell us hold contents that would shame Linford Christie. We believe that perhaps Terry could have some bigger shorts for Christmas.

CARROLL: B- Dave has recently shown signs of his old self, however earlier in the year he kept bringing in sandals to P.E instead of trainers. A bizarre fellow it is strongly rumoured that David turns the school drinking fountain into wine, but no evidence has been given.

LANGFORD: B+ Little Timothy sits patiently at the front of the class and his been excellent again this term. Keep going little fellow.

RYAN: B+ Keith has been one of our top scholars this term, however he still tries to rebuke the traditional school uniform for a multi-coloured shell suit. This will not be tolerated.

THOMPSON: B Steven looks like a young Tom Cruise, and likes to play with his "action men" in class. However he is a very skilled pupil, who still teaches some of the less abled boys a thing or two about talent. A firm favourite despite joining 2 years ago from local rivals (Did I say rivals - ha,ha).

HEMMINGS B+ Depite a slow start, this excitable pupil has given us flashes of brilliance, and looks like being the hot favourite for the 100 yards dash on Sports Day.

GUPPY: A Young Stephen has once again proved that on his day their is no finer artist in the land. His gallery of skills can be seen at a town in England on a saturday of your choice.

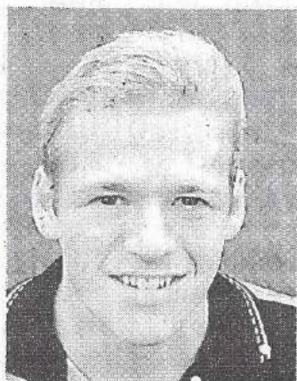
MOUSSADDIK: C This cheeky Morrocan boy always has a smile on his face, and still waits patiently to become a star pupil. However his lame impressions of the headmaster won't be doing him any good.

GREENE: C This budding young star went missing after a fruitful away trip to Altrincham some months ago. If anyone has seen him or knows of him, could they send him to Adams Park, where maybe he may find some of his old tricks.

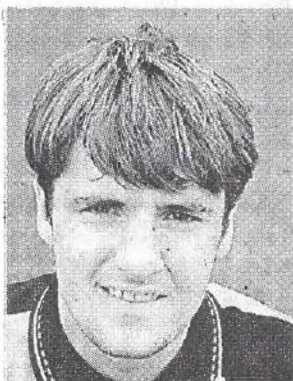
SCOTT: A+ All round top scholar Keith was poached by a school with whom we simply couldn't compete. But having said this we may have been forced to expel him anyway since he had been seen in the dorm squeezing peroxide into his well groomed locks. All the best big man.



Guppy-Artist



Ryan-shellsuit



Crossley-Shyboy

Welcome To Carpetland

Watching football at Preston is rather akin to watching a football match played on the moon; the ball travels 5 times as high and bounces twice as far. Yes, soccer Deepdale-style is more of a close relative of Aussie rules football, and we all love that, don't we? There are however a couple of minor differences - for a start you can't handle the ball unless you are the goalie. By the way, he's the one with the trousers and the gloves on. Don't ever let anyone north of Banbury con you into believing that you're a southern poofter, as all of Preston North End wear what look like club tights, making their somewhat baggy shorts look like hockey skirts. Yes folks, there was only one lot of Wigan Piers on November 27th and they weren't playing in yellow shirts.

The second main difference is that the antipodean version is played on grass - you know, that organic green stuff that is just perfect for playing footie on, doesn't bounce too high, doesn't roll too far. But silly me - that's irrelevant at Preston because they play football up in the air!! How stupid. In fact, if you've ever played up at Handy Cross on the Astroturf there you'll know what it's like on the Deepdale carpet. Short, (once spiky, now trodden flat) plastic grass with half a tonne of sand on it - lovely, just like the beach. Strangely enough, John Beck wants to get it changed back to grass ASAP. Why bother, John - no need for a groundsman this way.

Oh, the game, you ask? Well, why weren't you there for a start? (Getting wrecked in Bognor Regis, Mate - Ed.) Following any football team home and away, there are bound to be those matches whose memories stay with you forever. The FA Trophy Semi-final victory at Altrincham was one; this was another. Not just because of the importance of the result and the outrageous manner in which victory was achieved, but the whole bizarre nature of the game. It was like sending the England Cricket team to New York and

expecting them to beat the Yankees at baseball (Cricket for non-culture lovers). Preston play Neanderthal football and I was unsure as to whether we would try and beat them at their own game or persist with our cavalier total-soccer for the more refined football lover.

With the memory of our last venture on the dreaded plastic still fresh in the mind (a dismal 1-0 defeat at Hyde United a few seasons back), I was a little apprehensive as to how we would cope. Thankfully, we seemed to adapt fairly well - Martin had done his homework both in having Preston watched and in having the boys do some extra plastic training that week; he even bought them all special boots for the occasion. I fear that they will be needed next season too; Preston looked very strong at home, backed by a noisy support including some cretins blowing bugles / bashing drums throughout the match and to add to the carnival atmosphere someone waving a huge Brazilian flag, although I couldn't honestly think of a team that plays less like Brazil than Preston - even their own fans shout "HOOF!!!" every time another ball is belted beyond what is left of the ozone layer.

However, I would hate any Preston fans reading this to think that they didn't play well. As just mentioned, they seem fairly invincible at home (not against Turk - Power though); all set pieces are taken very quickly and the continual onslaught against the opposition goal is bound to reap considerable rewards against less warrior-like defence leviathans than Tel Evans and Crease. The Blues (Yellows that day) defended solidly, looked comfortable on the shag-pile itself, and outstanding displays from Tim Langford and Keith "I'm-at-home-mate-I-used-to-be-a-carpet-fitter" Ryan, saw us get what looked to be a very nice away point until Aky Hayrettin, having gone close from 30 yards in the first half extended his sights with a final thrust of the kebab skewer - a 40 yard belter that transfixed the keeper on his line and shot into the far corner. Delirium erupted on the terraces (as much as was possible in the ridiculously cramped sheep pen that we were herded into) and pitch alike,

and Aky broke the allcomers 60 yard PVC dash, despite having to carry 10 fully grown men on his back.

///////CAMBRIDGE TWATS////////

I was extremely annoyed earlier this season to hear the racist chants spewing out from the Col*****r United fans every time Andy Kerr touched the ball. However, sadly I wasn't surprised as this kind of despicable carry on is what I've come to expect from such brain dead clowns.

I was not though, expecting a repeat of this during the F.A.Cup game against Cambridge, where during the first half I could hear the barbaric chanting of "Ooo Ooo Ooo" every time Tony Hemmings touched or came close to the ball. I couldn't believe it, this racist scum chant was coming from the B.F.P. end, a Wycombe only stand. It was a relief then, when during the Half-time break a sizable group of Cambridge fans were, under Police escort, led to the visitors end. Oh dear, what a mistake, they payed to get in the wrong end.

Knowing how annoyed I get at these illegal racist chants, I can only take my Wanderers bobble hat off to those players who are often subjected to this abuse, yet still get on with their job.

Finally, a note to the Cambridge twat, who whilst being led back to the correct terrace, gestured to what seemed to be the whole of the Woodlands Terrace, too hop over the barrier so he could take us all on, *pathetic*! Let me tell you Sonny Jim, the chap you were "Ooo Ooo Oooing" at knocked you out of the F.A. Cup.

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I'VE GOT MY CARD

In the last issue of TAF, we mentioned how easy it was to get into the Blues Club after the game by waving any number of plastic cards at the door to pass as a Blues Club card. Well, this was true, so to prove TAF is read, on the day of the match at which this fanzine was sold at, I stupidly left my card at home (knob) but thought, it's alright, matey at the door knows my face, he knows I'm a member and will let me in - not a chance. As I approached and explained, I was told, "No way! You're staying outside!" The article had backfired, "NO card, no entrance." It didn't help matters that I had a bulk of fanzines in my hand and the doorman showed great pleasure in reading out the article to me. I wasn't over chuffed as I hadn't written it. Well I couldn't argue, he was right and I just stood at the door helpless. 10 minutes later after much friendly banter where he gloated, I reminded him that I could write what I wanted in the next issue, this saw him let me in with a smile. The queue had gone at the bar and I had no problem getting served.

All I can say now is that it's good to see our fanzine changes things and the door boys really do their job now. It's great to think how an article probably written late one night (as this is) in a rush to secure a deadline and only to fill the gaps, actually affects one man's job so much. It's just a shame it also effected me. Door boys your point is taken, well done.

"YOU KNOW THE
RULES SON, NO
CARD, NO ENTRY!"



IN CONVERSATION WITH

MARTIN O'NEILL

THE CONCLUDING PART
OF THE INTERVIEW
STARTED IN ISSUE TEN

Part two....

TAF: Of all the players you have had to sell or release from the club, which was the hardest one to let go?

MON: The most disappointing one has got to be Ty Gooden. He's got a lot of ability but just never produced it. After two years I didn't think he'd done enough to deserve a full-time contract. He's training at Swindon now which shows what a bad manager I might be, they might sign him up. Good luck to him. We could have done with keeping Nicky Evans here, but either I ran the club or Nicky Evans did. He wanted to go back to Barnet. Don't give me all this rubbish about certain things. If he'd taken his punishment like Martin Blackler or John Granville we would have had no complaints. He was a good player and was not readily replaceable at that stage.

TAF: Are you happy with our position in the league, and the season to date?

MON: No, I'd like to be at the top of the league. We're lying fifth and if the league was over now, which it obviously isn't, we would only be in a play-off spot. It's still all new to us. It's been very, very hard work. We've had a lot of injuries, every team has, but we've been crippled with some of our best people out. It has been a remarkable effort. I think the players have done fine.

TAF: Do you get fed up with being "gallant" or "cavalier" losers against bigger clubs. i.e Peterborough, WBA and Coventry, or do you still get great satisfaction out of the performance?

MON: I've often said there's no point in being gallant losers. At the end of it all we have performed brilliantly against these sides. Peterborough we should have won. WBA we performed very credibly in both matches against them. Coventry City was disappointing in the sense that

the atmosphere in the dressing room was like a morgue. Primarily because we knew we were so close to beating them and that was disappointing. TAF: What was it like to play in the World Cup and European Cup?

MON: Oh those were great days. There are good things about being a manager but there is nothing that beats playing football. Playing is what it's all about. That's what the crowds pay to come and see. You don't come to see somebody gyrating up and down in the dugout. There's nothing like playing and nothing like playing at the highest level. Winning a European Cup medal, that was for the likes of Puskas and De Stefano, it wasn't for people like me. Captaining a side in the World Cup in 1982 into the quarter-finals was just sensational. Great evenings, playing in front of 60,000 and beating Spain. Typical Irish, we enjoyed the evening after the game more than the game itself!

TAF: With the success of the England team in the 1990 World Cup English football got a real boost with heroes and role models like Gazza and Gary Lineker. With failure to qualify for USA '94 do you think this will affect English football.

MON: That's a good question. Personally I think it probably will. I think your overall standing in World Soccer is affected, and I think that's why we all wanted to see England qualify. I'm involved in the English league here and I want everyone to be thinking that this league is really, really good. When your National side doesn't qualify for the premier competition people start to think that the football's not so clever.

TAF: What do we have to do to beat Colchester Utd. We know that we're better than them?

MON: We are a better side than Colchester. On the day of the 5-2 defeat I've never felt so comfortable. We're leading 1-0 and we've just hit the bar. The game changed completely when Jason Cousins got sent off. Everything they hit that day went into the net and they exploited the extra man brilliantly. Their first season in the Conference we drew away and beat them at home. They beat us in the infamous game here and doused

us 3-0 away the following season. We got a bit of revenge in the Bob Lord which they claimed they weren't interested in. All I'm saying is beating Colchester, or not beating them is not the be all and end all of my job here. If we finish third in the league and we are above Colchester that will do.

TAF: You often ask the fans to lift the players, do you sometimes think that the team should get the fans going?

MON: I only ask, I don't demand. I'm very careful about this because I've often thought anybody who pays their money to come in here has every right to do what they want. They can turn and face the terrace and not watch the game if they want to. I agree that it should be the team that ignites the fans. It is the job of the players and myself to produce something for the people to cheer about. However it is nice, when we are playing dreadfully, to have the fans to keep us going.

TAF: Who is your all-time favourite player?

MON: The Hungarian Ferens Puskas. When I was about seven or eight my older brother who was at University had read Puskas' autobiography. In it he said that he used to carry a tennis ball around with him everywhere, to school, shopping, everywhere. He could keep the tennis ball up 200 times. So my brother gave me a tennis ball and I honestly believed that if I could keep it up 200 times I'd be as good as Puskas. By the time my brother came back for his Christmas break I could do it. But I was never anywhere near as good as Puskas.

TAF: Where did you hear about George Asthaniou (the dreadful Greek Trialist at Aylesbury pre-season)?

MON: Put that one down to Jim Melvin. He'd heard that he'd played in a European Cup game for a Cypriot side, so I thought he can't be too bad. When I saw this balding git that I nicknamed "Pat Eddery" I couldn't believe it. He wouldn't have been playing if we hadn't been at Merthyr Tydfil the night before, and some of the lads were tired. So I thought I'd have a look at him and see what he was like. I totally agree with your assessment of him.

TERRY EVANS

When it seemed sure that Brentford were to sell their captain, Keith Jones, Phil Holder looked to appoint a new skipper, and he chose Terry Evans. Few could argue with the choice, Tel's size alone makes him an obvious leader in any team, and his determination and bulldog spirit would give most team mates a boost. He did not let us down, leading us to the (old) 3rd Division title, and netting 8 league goals, to be 3rd top scorer behind the supreme Holdsworth - Blissitt partnership, now moved on to better things (why Wimbledon?). Indeed, it's Terry's attacking prowess that is his strength. 24 goals in 229 games is better than many a striker we've had in the past and it would have been more but for the torrid injuries during his 7 years at Griffin Park.

He signed in 1985 from Hillingdon Borough and scored 2 goals in his 1st season. His raw 21 year old talent was often marred by aggression and rash fouls resulting in yellow/red cards, which only improved with the responsibility of being Captain. Incidentally, what have you done to Jason Cousins? He used to be such a well behaved boy. Never let him take a penalty though.

In Terry's next season came a career threatening knee injury which only saw him play twice. It was the 87-88 season where he made his name, he was ever present from November and scored 4 times. He played in all but one game of the following season and was nominated Supporters Player of the Year which he repeated the following season. But it was during the championship season of 92 that he reached his pinnacle by being named in the 3rd Division Team of the Year alongside Dean Holdsworth, only 2 of 3 Bees to achieve that honour. Tel was forgiven his rendition of "Maybe it's because I'm a Londoner" at the promotion party, he was out of skull at the time and things were looking rosy for us in the all new Division 1. However, he was injured in the very first game (Knee ligaments again) and was out until April. His return inspired the players and fans alike,

but by then the damage was done. It may well have been this injury which cost Brentford's relegation, alongside the sale of Dean Holdsworth.

At 6ft 5", the League's 2nd tallest player, he was predictably the subject of much abuse from the opposition, especially from the (jealous) Fulham fans. But to us he was every bit a hero, commanding from the back and helping out up front. He even had an inflatable Zebra named after him, "Big Tel". If we were ever in need of a goal at the death, Terry would play in the front line attacking every cross and getting his head to anything. Although he hates being run at (who doesn't at this level?) and lacks pace, he is as solid as they come.

When Dave Webb took over in this past close season he made it clear that Terry did not feature in his plans. This was as hard for the Brentford faithful to understand as it was surely for Terry. Webby has stated that he is tired of fans asking "Why?" to his face. Perhaps the recent injury took more out of Terry than we could tell. But I feel that Brentford's loss is Wycombe's gain. You've got yourself a bargain for 40,000 quid and I hope that Terry will be back playing in the 2nd Division in the near future.

A TRIBUTE RECENTLY RECEIVED ABOUT A PLAYER FROM WHOM WYCOMBE HAVE ALREADY BENEFITED. THANKS AGAIN J RAMPLING!



★★★★★★

★★★★★

A CHRISTMAS CAROLL

...YEAR TWO

Picture the scene: it's Christmas morning and in an attempt to keep up the team spirit, Martin has decided that all the players should spend Christmas at Ivor Beek's hotel. The players all excitedly jump out of bed at first light and gather around the Christmas tree where Martin, dressed up as Santa Claus, is handing out presents.

MO'N: Is there a young man here called Steve Thompson?

(Thommo steps forward)

MO'N: Now then young Steven, here's your present. (Hands Thommo a box which he excitedly rips open to reveal an Action Man in full uniform)

THOMMO: Wow! Brilliant! I need some new clothes. (So saying, he throws away the doll and dresses up in the doll's uniform. MO'N steps up to Mark West and hands him his present.)

MO'N: Here you are Westie, this is from those nice young lads at TAF.

MW: Oh great! My very own copy of "Local Hero - the Mark West Story" video. Surely, someone wanted it!!

MO'N: You're next Hutch lad, these are from me. (He hands Hutch a box which contains a pair of football boots, both left footed.)

MO'N: Right, try them on. Even you couldn't run in a straight line wearing these. They should be just the thing to make you cut inside.

HUTCH: I'm trying, Boss, I'm trying.

MO'N: Now then, Jason, have you been a good boy this year?

JAS: (Lying through his teeth) Of course I have, Boss!

MO'N: Now, now, don't lie. Here's your present anyway.

JAS: Oh great! A book! "The Bob Beamond Story", he's my all time hero. Now I'll be able to perfect my long jump technique.

MO'N: Aye son, but try not to do it on the pitch. Right, Davey Carroll.

DIARY

Obviously the main talking point of the month for every Wanderers fan was the sale of star striker Keith Scott. It seems like the 375,000 we received was a bargain for Swindon, and 3 goals in 5 matches confirms his star quality. But one thought struck me when I heard about the news. Hadn't Scotty recently put some "birdshite" highlights into his barnet a couple of weeks prior to the sale. Perhaps then the board forced him onto the transfer list, bearing in mind recent demeanours in the bouffant department. Perhaps not - we'll never know.

Highlight (no pun intended) of the month was surely the Preston game. Craig Charles', sorry, Hakan Hayrettins' 40 yarder apparently had Blue's Line supremo Alan Hutchinson close to hystercs. A friend of mine who was listening at the time of the goal said he shovelled 2 quid into a 'phone box and was still unsure of the final score. However it has to be said that Alan is doing a fine job at the moment, for everyone except me that is. Having a basic layman's 'phone, I can't get into the files he so generously supplies. I wonder if any other readers feel cheated likewise?

Talking of Alan's, Mr Parry was allegedly in fine form at the Preston match. You just don't expect to hear such foul language from TV personalities, do you? Well my dreams were shattered when as a 10 year old lad, I chanced upon meeting "Lovely weather man" Bill Giles at a village cricket match. When I asked for his autograph (very sad I know) Bill told me to "F off" because that Bastard (my Dad) had bowled him out. Anyway to get back to Alan Parry, I'm sure if it had been anyone else shouting crudities we'd have never read about it. It merely became "news" because it was AP. However, having said that, if it is true then maybe he should be setting an example because I'm sure if one of the terrace fans had done the same thing he would

have been branded a "football hooligan".

What the hell was DJ/"personality" Simon Bates doing on the pitch at the recent FA Cup tie versus Cambridge? Well funnily enough he was plugging his lame Panto at the Wycombe Swan as well as making a rare old tit of himself. Ranting on about how he gets to wear ladies underwear (well, what's new Simon?) he obviously thought that by showing he's into WWFC it might lure a few of us down to the show. However, quote of the day belonged to the old boy behind me, who said, "Who's that fat pillock?" only for his mate to reply "That's that bloke off A Question Of Sport, Bill Beaumont".



TONY HEMMINGS...
"WORSHIP ME".



BILL
BEAUMONT

The same old boy came up with more crackers in the second half. Apparently Tony Hemmings was "A flash in the pan", unbelievably AFTER he had scored the winner. Also Steve Guppy was "Not half the player he used to be. They should have sold him last year as no-one will have him now"!! Martin, what have you done to deserve this?

Final thought for the month. Watch out for the pseudos crawling out of the woodwork for the Norwich game. True fans, prepare to be diddled out of a ticket by people who have "Always wanted to see a game at Adams Park". Yes those same people who had we have drawn Nuneaton, would be sat in their armchairs watching ceefax.

KEITH SCOTT : The Man, The Player, The Guru!

When the news was broken to me about Keith Scott's departure, I think my feelings were the same as most Wycombe fans, sadness at our loss, yet delighted for Scottie. I find it impossible to begrudge the man for leaving Wycombe and going to an all be it struggling, yet still a Premier League club. Instead I feel privileged and proud to have had his talents at our club for the last two and a half years. The first article I wrote for T.A.F. was on Keith Scott, during a very dry spell goal-wise for him. Titled "Prepare Yourself For Scott Mania", it was exceedingly complimentary towards Scott, although admittedly parts of the article were fractionally tongue-in-cheek. It was also the first article to be written about Scott, so it's fairly ironic that now, two years on, I find myself scribing probably the last T.A.F. article on the great man.

Keith Scott was noticed by Martin O'Neill when he scored against Wycombe whilst playing for Gateshead during a loan period from Lincoln. Then whilst on loan to Boston, Scott scored against Altrincham in a game at which Martin was present, and even though Boston lost the match 6 - 2, Scott impressed O'Neill, and £30,000 to Lincoln later, the Living Legend arrived.

It was however obvious that Keith Scott was bound for glory when on his debut for the Blues, he netted against Slough Town of all teams, in a game we won 2 - 1. In the '91 F.A. Trophy campaign, the goals just kept on coming from Scottie. Two against Northwich in the quarter- final, another against Altrincham in the Semi-final first leg, and one from the penalty spot in the second leg to take Wycombe to Wembley. The Final is known as Mark West's crowning glory, but forget ye not, Scottie didn't only score the first goal against Kidderminster, he set-up Westie's admittedly superb winner with an inch perfect ball into the penalty box, topping off what had been an incredible start for Scott.

The next season was a very uncomfortable one for the mighty man, as by winter time, the goals had dried up. I recall a humorous quote he made to the local press claiming he was like a squirrel, hibernating in winter but in spring he would wake up and find his form. Amazingly Scott's prophesy was correct, winter passed and his razor-sharp goal scoring instincts returned. Unfortunately he was in hibernation for a little to long as Wycombe lost out on promotion due to goal difference. In '92-'93 season though, Scott realised that he wasn't a squirrel, but was in fact a top notch striker. Solid performances and bucket loads of goals enabled us to have the most successful season ever, and Scottie deservedly collected the Player of the Season award.

Enough for now of Scott's playing career at Wycombe and on to Keith Scott the man, the Guru. When the Wanderers were a humble part-time non-league club (seems ages ago now), when we were selling T.A.F., I remember Scottie driving up towards Adams Park in his modest Montego. He'd pull up by our stand and politely ask for a copy with his fifty pence in hand. When we handed him a fanzine for free he always politely, even bashfully thanked us and went on his way. By the time Wycombe had joined the big boy's league

Scott's confidence had rocketed on and off of the football pitch. This season Scott swanned up in his new Escort Cabriolet, swung the car next to our stand and commanded "give one of them please mate" then upon receiving his essential reading matter, sped off. He wasn't arrogant though, just very confident, there's a big difference between the two. In the bar after a match Scottie is famed for his love of several pints of Guinness, making him the only other man as cool as Rutger Hauer to drink the Irish stout. His on field celebrations after hitting the back of the net were nothing short of an art form. Blowing kisses to rival fans after he'd scorched one home, one time he turned round to his adoring public, arms majestically aloft as if to say "worship me", before the ball he toe poked had even crossed the goal line.

Keith Scott scored 76 goals in 136 appearances for Wycombe Wanderers (including a goal against Macclesfield which was given off-side but blatantly wasn't), and even though he nearly lost his place to Super Trevor Aylott, Scottie fought courageously hard to regain his number ten shirt. The fact that Wycombe's most glorious season was released on a video tape and entitled "Beam Us Up Scottie" goes to prove how highly the club rated their super-star striker. Of course I don't want to be-little the rest of the team's effort, as success has been achieved thanks to brilliant performances from players and management. Without them behind him Scott wouldn't have scored as many times as he did. However, there is no doubting that Scottie is a deadly and effective striker and without him the struggle for success would have been far harder. I'm sure that Scott's game will improve further at Swindon, he will for sure become one of the best forwards in the Premier Division, and several England caps await our old hero (unless of course Jack Charlton finds out about Scott's Guinness fetish in which case Jackie will probably select Scott for Ireland, it's a better excuse than most of the Irish teams claims to nationality).

Unlike that first article I wrote about Scottie, none of the compliments have been tongue-in-cheek this time. Keith Scott earned everyone's respect at T.A.F. and I'm sure every Wanderers supporters too. Finally I'd like to thank Scottie for his huge contribution to Wycombe Wanderers, through not only his tremendous skill, but his obvious passion for the club and football. We at T.A.F. wish him every success for the future and hopefully he will one day return to Wycombe when we are a Premier League side. This article is a tribute to Keith Scott for brilliant services rendered. We await the second coming.



LETTERS

Dear TAF

First of all, congratulations on producing a fanzine which is accessible to the non-Wycombe supporter. However, I must take you to task on *'Happy Wanderer'* in issue 10.

I support Birmingham City (yes, I know I've heard all the jokes!). However, when we don't have a game I try to visit a different ground. Adams Park, for the match with Shrewsbury Town was my 86th English League ground. (Yes, in hip-speak - I'm a trainspotter).

I found some of the comments in the *'Happy Wanderer'* article rather amusing, especially :

"....our away travel is larger than many, if not most clubs in the Football League."

I know you boys are still in your nappies when it comes to the Football League, but this really is amusing. Let me give you some examples and risk the wrath of your reply.

Birmingham City take 2,000+ to 'long haul' away matches with Sunderland, Middlesbrough, etc (2,800 at Peterborough last week, 4,000 at Watford last April, 3,500 at Charlton, 8,000 at Wolves, 5,000 at Derby, 3,000+ at Torquay (where we were given the home terracing and Torquay were moved to the away area !), etc...). Games within 100 miles usually result in all ticket restrictions, due to the size of our support. Birmingham City though, (hardly the country's most fashionable club, you'll admit,) aren't the only club with an away following which would swamp you're meagre home support (nevermind away from Wycombe). I realise your experience of league football is not great, but this is no excuse. Stoke City, Burnley, WBA, Derby, Wolves, Forest, Sunderland, Bristol City, Cardiff, (the list is endless) all take large away followings to the majority of away fixtures.

Yes, you, have done well. You are attracting good attendances for the 3rd Division. But isn't it all very new? What will happen when the novelty of being in the Football league wears off and the bad times come? Will your support remain as loyal as the clubs mentioned above? How many will turn up to watch Darlington on a cold and wet February night when promotion placings aren't at stake?

The commitment of your supporters did concern me on Saturday. Neat little ground, shame about the atmosphere. As a neutral, I have to say that you were

outshouted by Shrewsbury - which must be a rare occurrence. The atmosphere created by 5,000 was pathetic. More alarmingly, I could not believe how many people left the ground with more than five minutes of the match remaining, and the score still delicately poised. I sat in the main stand and the two rows surrounding me (which had been quite full) were empty when the final whistle blew. Do you really believe these people will support the club through thin times?

Anyway, best of luck for the season - just remember your place and you'll be alright!

Malcolm McHenry
Birmingham

I'm sorry mate, but I stand by my statement. The Blues have better away support than just about every third division side. Looking at attendances for the second division I'm confident that we take away more than most of them. That just leaves the first division (I said we have better support than most Football League clubs, that does not include the Premier League). I don't believe every first division club takes 900 - 1500 to every away game like us. One other point, my mate is a Charlton fan. The Valley's capacity is 8337. There is room for no more than 2000 away fans so I doubt your claim. Also Wycombe average about 6000, Birmingham average about 13000. How big is Birmingham compared to Wycombe then? One last point, if you can get so outraged by one sentence of a fanzine article to write a two page letter about it you obviously have no life. Despite Barry Fry we'll probably be seeing you next year. We'll see how many thousands you bring down then. Get a life you sad trainspotter.

Dear TAF

I am writing in regards to a recent article on football superstition in issue 10 of TAF. You said, and I quote "That it was MY Lucky Strikes that got Wycombe the 3 points" (talking about the Hereford away game earlier this season). Well I'm sorry to disappoint you but it was in fact me and my friend Claire who did it. Wycombe gained the corner and I turned to my mate and said, "I feel a goal coming on and it's going

to be Andy Kerr". She laughed and said that my predictions are never right and Andy Kerr isn't even near the goal. Then it happened. He headed it in to make it 4-3 and I've never been so satisfied in proving someone wrong. It stopped everyone from laughing at my goal predictions (even though I always say Andy Kerr). Also it got us a much deserved 3 points. You never know, maybe it was a mixture of both my prediction and your Lucky Strikes, But I felt I had to write in and tell you anyway.

CATHERINE PALMER
Desborough Avenue.

Well Catherine, we disagree, it had to be the Lucky Strikes. Can anyone else claim that they won us a game?
We'd love to hear from you.



ANDY KERR
Spiritual connections?

By the way letters fans, we received a postcard from a lovely girl in Austria who wants to "Search for fan contacts from THE Wycombe Wanderers". Lads, dress up in your Lederhosen and get on over there, you never know she may have the box set of "Heidi".

Contact: Hanner Didi
Billinger str. 52
A-4614 Narchtreme.
Austria.

This fine Euro bint could be yours so get scribbling. On second thoughts, ladies, it might be a strapping Euro hunk with a girls name.....who knows.

Things ain't what they used to be

I HAD occasion to visit Adams Park Football Ground last Saturday, November 20, and as an old player (3rd Division) and a supporter of football for over 70 years, I was dismayed to see the poor standard of the game now being presented.

The ball was in the air for more than 70 per cent of the match and the screaming crowd behind the goals enjoyed every minute. They didn't go to see

football – just to shout, sing and abuse and, of course, the Wanderers supplied them with their kick and rush tactics. Not like the old spirit of Loakes Park with players like Len Worley, Paul Bates, etc.

The reception at the ground was poor and I feel sorry for any away team playing there, and until the leather ball is brought back I'm afraid football and footballing crowds will go from bad to worse.

John Johnson
Queens Club Gardens
London

Stop moaning old boy. The whole of the current Wycombe team would have out-shone any of our old sides. Just because people don't take rattles to matches or throw their flat caps in the air when we score anymore, it doesn't mean the football's any worse. Mind you, we should respect your views. After all you probably fought in the war.

Jobless: We wuz hoaxed

JOBLESS soccer fans were offered £10 to play against struggling Colchester United.

An advert in the local JobCentre said the Third Division side were desperate to win a game – and wanted to play the unemployed.

But the ad was a hoax, placed by an angry fan. The club found out when a man rang to volunteer. Manager Roy McDonough called the prankster "sad."

This amusing snippet was sent to us by Neil Scott, who adds, "Is there no depth to which the scum will not sink. As for Roy McDonough calling someone sad, that really is rich." Good on you Neil.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★ Dr. Willy Proctor

Hi there, I'm pleased to be writing this column from the luxury drawing room of my old friend, Ronnie Biggs' house in Rio de Janeiro. The rather basic conditions of Wandsworth Jail's medical wing haven't helped my quest for a cure to all groinal related injuries but even so, my basic "hands on" approach has cured little Timmy Langford and that lovely squaddie, Steve Thompson. I can't say that Brazil is my favourite place, but it's one of the few places with no extradition treaty with the UK. However, I'm looking forward to working with the underprivileged children of Rio and I'm helping Argentinean stars, Maradonna and Caniggia kick their drug habits. My open invitation to all injured Wanderer stars to join me for some personal massage sessions still applies - they're all such lovely boys. Anyway, here's a letter from Mr Terrence Bevans...

Dear Willy,

I have recently joined a new football team and I am enjoying myself immensely, the fans love me and I am respected by my fellow pros at the Club. However, this Club has never had a player as big as me and the shorts they have supplied me with are far too small and my game is being restricted. People come up to me after games and ask why I head everything. Obviously, I'm too embarrassed to tell them that I'm scared that kicking the ball could cause my shorts to split and fall around my ankles Sammy Nelson style. Also, my buttocks are becoming sore due to the material clinging tightly to them.

Doctor Willy replies:

Oh yes, a common problem usually associated with fat men in pub football teams. I presume your

CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE

shirt fits well or you would be suffering from its sister complaint "Jogger's Nipple". I would advise you to pluck up courage and ask your manager for a larger pair of shorts. If you're not sure of your ideal size, I can offer a personal measuring session in my Rio surgery. Until next time, stay fit.....

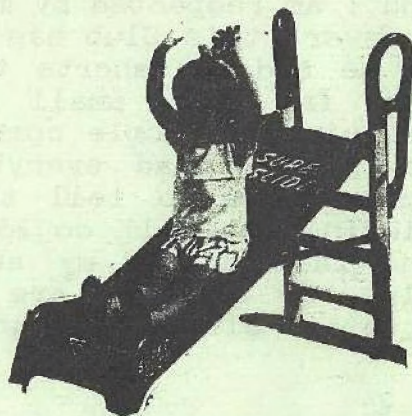


Without Dr Willy's help I'd still be injured.



RHYMING SOCCER STARS

NO. 1



PAUL HYDE A KIDDIES SLIDE